

THE BASKET.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

Whole No. 69.

It is said of a boy in Camden that he has a liking for music, and has selected the cornet for the display of his abilities, and the father offered him 10 cents an hour to practice on it when he was away; but his wife goes better by offering 15 cents an hour to keep quiet—a sensible woman. We have a perfect dislike for that instrument, especially in religious services, and think it altogether inappropriate there. It does well enough in a military or other secular parade, where noise is wanted, but not music. We are very fond of good music, and recommend its study to all young people. If rightly used, and of the proper kind, it elevates and refines.

We are of the opinion that one of the most ungracious and despicable things that church members can do, whether in city or village, is to endeavor to entice persons away from other churches by representing that theirs is the only true church, or have the only true modes of worship, or ceremonies, etc. It is the greatest piece of presumption for any denomination to set itself up as the only true church, or that its modes of worship and its ceremonies, are the only correct and scriptural ones, and no intelligent person should be guilty of promulgating such nonsense. The Roman Catholic church members are not alone in this matter.

We are told that old Strawberry beds that have borne well, at length give place to grass and weeds, and then should be ploughed or dug up as soon as the crop is harvested, and planted to late potatoes or Hungarian grass, which destroys the weeds, and cleans the ground for next season.

We see it stated that a man in Salinas, California, by the name of Gabriel, a mission Indian, died recently at the great age of 151 years. Those who have examined the matter, think the statement not exaggerated, and think he was the oldest person in the world, except a man supposed to be still living in South America.

Henry Stanley has an article in Scribner's Magazine for June, in which he says: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless. I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and was with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

Historical Sketch of Haddonfield, by Judge John Clement, for sale at the office of the Basket; very interesting. Price 10 cts.

We notice an item in the papers stating that the public school authorities of New York city, announce that the teachers must be residents of the city, and that no outsiders need apply. Has this anything to do with politics? Of course no outsider could vote for any aspiring politician, anxious to serve his country and obtain the emoluments.

Rev. Mr. Phelps, in his recent lecture on Temperance in the Baptist church in Haddonfield, said when he got within the vicinity of a rum saloon he felt as if he was not very far from the infernal regions, and illustrated by a story of an old man and his son, who, as they drove along, observed at a certain place a nice bubbling spring of clear water beside the road, and the father wanted a drink of it. The wagon was stopped for the purpose, but on applying his lips to the water, he found it was hot, and emitted sulphurous vapors. He sprang up, and hastened to get in the wagon, exclaiming, "Drive on, Son, quick! We're within a mile of hell!"

It is said of Horace Greeley, that, at a dinner given by the press in 1868, at Delmonico's, New York, to Charles Dickens, "while Dickens partook freely of the wines, Greeley did not turn his glasses down, but thrust them out of his way, with a single exception, and in that he placed a beautiful red rose, and during the dinner lifted his glass to his nose as often as others raised glasses to their mouths, and the fragrance of the rose was all the stimulant he wanted." [A noble example.]

Some newspapers seem to be hard up for matter to fill them, and when advertisements fail, and the namby-pamby stuff about little Mammie Smart paid a visit to her little cousin Tillie Peep; or farmer Smikins' young calf became so frisky that it curled up its little tail and galloped over the meadow; or Peter Sniffles stood in his door and sneezed three times! Or, when no more of this kind of pabulum can be had, then Talmadge's sermons do duty, until the whole thing becomes nauseous! A short sermon by Sam Small or Sam Jones, or even by a colored Southern brother, occasionally, would give a greater variety, and be an improvement.

It is said twenty babies have been abandoned in Jersey City since Feb. 1. If true, it shows a bad state of morals.

"Remember," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

Talmage is reported to have said—"It is my opinion that many clergymen who have on their tombstone, 'Died in the Lord,' might have for a more appropriate epitaph, 'Killed by Tobacco.'" [He may be correct.]

Ink, of a superior quality, made and sold at this office, at 5 and 10 cts. for small bottles; pints and quarts 50 cts. Larger quantities as agreed upon. Does not corrode the pen, or get thick or sticky. Free from sediment; suitable for all pens, including Fountain. Also, a very fine and brilliant **RED INK.**

A PRESENT of a Bottle of excellent **INK** will be made to each person taking, through us, orders on the Dark Continent, American Agriculturist, Sonkey's Own Book, Happy Home, or any other book or periodical for which we are taking orders as agent.

Printed and Published fortnightly by

J. VAN COURT.

BACK of Residence, opposite Presbyt'n Church,
Terms--25 cents for 6 months.

Entered at the Haddonfield Post Office as second-class matter to go by mail.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., JUNE 20, 1890.

Borough Commissioners meet in the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday evening in each month. They are J. Morris Roberts, Chas. H. Hillman, Sam'l C. A. Clement, Sam'l C. Paris, W. J. Boning, Com. of Appeal—John H. Lippincott, Geo. D. Stuart, Abel Hillman.

The Board of Managers of the Free Reading Room Associat'n meets every 3d Monday in each month. J. L. PENNYPACKER, Sec.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A man called at the door and blurted out, "I don't want your paper." "All right," we replied, "Have you been taking it out of the post-office?" "Yes; but I don't want it, and never subscribed for it," and off he went without offering to pay for the year or more he had been getting it, although a man of ample means, but has a reputation not to be envied for, well—we will not say what. It is just as mean to take a newspaper without paying for it on demand, as to obtain a pound of butter or a year's supply of milk, without paying for them.

This man had scarcely got away before a young lady called and politely stated that her mother had sent her to pay not only for what was due for the "Basket," but for several months in advance. Thanks to that lady.

Another lady, when sending her money to pay for the paper, accompanied it with some very nice, sweet biscuits. She also has our sincere thanks for her kindness.

We seldom ask any one to subscribe for the "Basket." We send the paper and take the risk of having it refused, (which seldom happens,) or getting paid for it. But we did ask one man with whom we were intimately acquainted if we might send it to him, when he rather roughly declined. A few days afterwards, on meeting him, he ordered the paper to be sent to him. Being a little curious to know why he had changed his mind, we remarked, "Why, you said the other day, you didn't want the paper;" to which he replied, "I don't; but my wife does." May the Lord bless the women.

One rich man to whom we presented a bill, paid it, but in such a morose and ungracious manner, and with such an ungracious remark, that we would rather have gone without the money than to have to change our opinion as to his character, for we had always supposed him to be very amiable. Some persons make an excuse for not paying that they never subscribed for the paper. This excuse is not valid, for so long as a person takes a paper out of the post-office, whether he has subscribed for it or not, the law requires him to pay for it.

We have a very desirable list of names, as patrons, most whom pay voluntarily, without solicitation. We circulate nearly 300—about 200 of which in Haddonfield and the rest outside, from Maine to California.

Of course, we have our "Free List," as every newspaper has, and on it are some from whom we would not be willing to take their money if offered.

The Haddon Public School Commencement was held on Thursday evening, June 5, in the N. J. building, which was well filled; opened with singing and prayer. Presentation essay read by Walter H. Babcock; Our Country, by James W. Blackwood; Recitation by boys and Piccola Solo, by Howard T. Redman, both good and pleasing; a number of songs, recitations, etc.

Henry D. Moore, one of the trustees, on behalf of one of the classes, presented Mr. Manness, the Principal of the School, with a handsome silk banner, and Superintendent Brace gave out the Diplomas. Some of the pieces were very long. Near 11 o'clock before it was over.

By the death of **SAMUEL K. WILKINS**, last week, Haddonfield loses one of its best citizens, and his children and six grand-children a kind father; and others a dear and valued friend and brother. He was liberal with his means, and quietly and unostentatiously helped charities, churches, Sunday schools,—not confining himself to any one denomination. He was not a member of any church, but as long as health permitted, he was a regular attendant at church services, and a good man.

He was at one time a member of a business firm in Philadelphia, but had to retire from business on account of ill health, and was a great sufferer for several months, which he bore very patiently, and finally died suddenly while sitting in his chair under a tree out on the lawn, from heart-failure.

He was a man of strict integrity, his word being as good as his bond. He was the first President of the first Bank in Haddonfield, but his health not permitting him to attend to the duties thereof, he resigned.

His funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Griesmer, of the Baptist church, read portions of scripture and then engaged in prayer. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Werner, Presbyterian, in an eulogium on the character of the deceased, and prayer. Interment in the Baptist cemetery.

"Childrens' Day," at both the Methodist and Baptist churches, was duly observed on Sunday, June 8. Both houses were well filled, and the exercises interesting, consisting of short recitations, singing, etc.

The Presbyterians had a Childrens' celebration on Thursday evening, June 12, which was well attended. Singing, orchestral music, recitations, etc. The "River of Life," by Mrs. Werner and the school, very pretty.

The Thomas H. Davis Post, No. 53, G. A. R., have appointed a committee to make arrangements for the celebration of the 4th of July, and Rev. N. J. Wright is spoken of as the orator on that occasion.

The Annual Commencement of the Public School (colored) was held in the Grove st. school house, on Thursday afternoon, June 12. Various exercises by the school, and an address by Mr. Manness.

Rev. Mr. Wright, of Haddonfield, and Rev. Mr. Wagg, of Collingswood exchanged pulpits last Sunday morn. Good sermon by Mr. W.

The man drowned near Collingswood, was C. Weber, of Philada.

The stone work on Main street will probably be commenced soon.

The Sunday School of the Methodist church, in company with the Fifth street church of Camden, went on an excursion up the Delaware river, on Wednesday, June 11, to Chestnut Grove, on the steamer John Warner, and 800 or 900 excursionists, young and old, had a good time, with various amusements—the most amusing of which, perhaps, was a mock trial, in which the culprit was charged with the crime of "felony," on account of his being out after 10 o'clock. The prisoner broke away twice, and the sheriff and his aids had a long run and a hard struggle to recapture and return him. The lawyers, jury, and witnesses, were all in place. "Not guilty," it being proved that the prisoner, though out after 10 o'clock, against the rule of Crabapple Neck, he was only on a visit to his "best girl." Very amusing.

The 25th (silver) anniversary of the Methodist Old Folks' Home, on Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, took place on Thursday, June 12. There was a great, but very orderly crowd, it being supposed that there were not less than 15,000 to 20,000 visitors during the day and evening. The different churches had their own tables for refreshments in the large pavilion. These meetings afford a fine opportunity for the meeting and kindly Christian greetings of old friends. There was speaking, but few persons, comparatively, could get near enough to the speaker to hear him; and as to the singing, it was marred by those miserable things, the cornets.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening, June 5, by Rev. N. J. Wright, Mr. CHARLES AMBOTT and Miss NELLIE BARK, of Glendale.

DIED—On Wednesday afternoon, June 11, Samuel Kane Wilkins, in the 70th year of his age.